
passions, and you will become an easy prey to impurity. Here again, St. Maur presents himself as the mirror of angelic purity in all its splendor. When he realized that the angel of death was beckoning him hence, he requested his weeping spiritual sons to remove him to the church of St. Martin, where he was laid at the foot of the altar; and even in his dying moments, his bed was a sack-cloth: his abbatial robes—a hair shirt—as preservatives of his virginal purity. O Glorious Saint Maur! hear favorably thy devoted clients, who on this thy festal day surround the altar of their sacramental God to honor thee, and obtain for them the twofold virtues: obedience and purity, which will be to them the pledge and guarantee of an eternal Jubilee in Heaven, our only true and lasting home. *Ora pro me.*

REV. STEPHEN KELLY O. S. B.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

STAGGERING from side to side, reeling until he almost fell, stumbling along the unpaved streets of an Oklahoma town, a young man presented a sad and pitiful appearance. Passers-by looked at him with disgust or a half pity. Women drew back or hurriedly crossed to the other side of the street, while the boys stopped their play and shouted "He's drunk!" while they followed him jeering, until even he, with maudlin oaths turned on them, and hurling a stone at them drove them terrified down the thoroughfares. Coming to the edge of the town, the drunkard sat down by a fence and finding himself secluded and unmolested slept the heavy sleep of the inebriate. He is a disgusting sight as he slumbers, but he was not always thus. Only three years ago in a Southern city he was a rising and prosperous young man. By close attention he had founded a modest but flourishing busi-